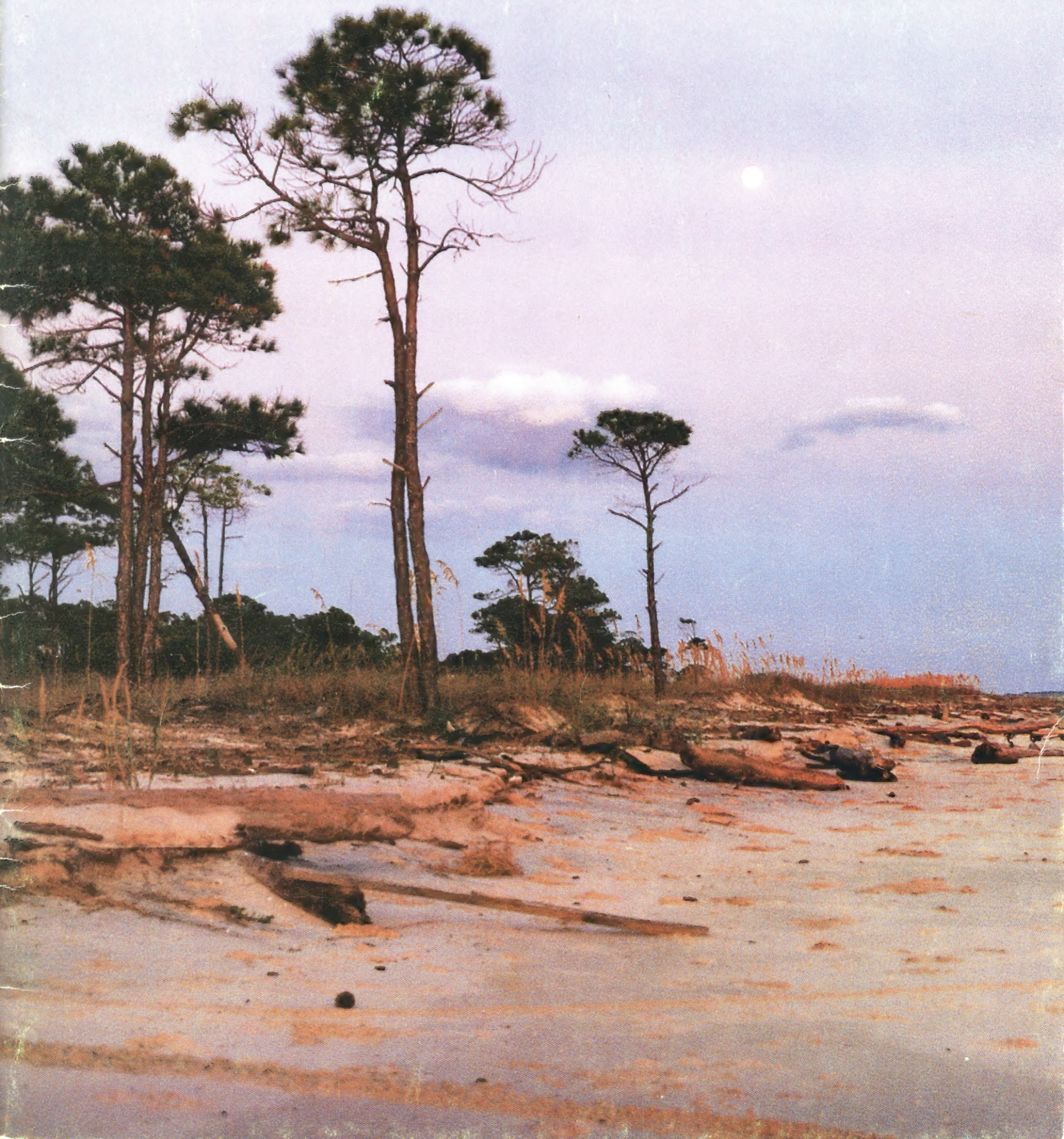


AUBURN UNIVERSITY'S GENERAL INTEREST MAGAZINE

SPRING 1986

THE CIRCLE



THE CIRCLE

Editor's Note

This is the first issue of *The Auburn Circle* to be released in two years. For some of you, this magazine may have proven to be similar to "a trip down memory lane"—that magazine which prints the creative output of Auburn's minds is back once again.

However, for a larger segment of the readership, this has been the first issue of *The Auburn Circle* you have seen, and I know as well as any psychology professor that first impressions are extremely important. We have tried to make a good initial impression with this issue.

There may be some of you saying to yourselves, "That magazine wasn't all that good—I could write (draw, photograph) better than that." If that's your opinion, then you have a chance to support it; I strongly encourage you to muster whatever artistic juices you feel within you and create! When you're finished, bring it to our office at Foy Union 353. The student and faculty editorial boards will then evaluate your work.

Who knows? Perhaps your writing, artwork or photography can grace the pages of our next issue. You'll never know if you don't try.

Dean Smallwood

Dean Smallwood
Editor

A Note on Style

CIRCLE MAGAZINE, financed by student activity fees, serves as a forum for the writers and artists within the university community. It aims to appeal to a diverse Auburn audience by providing a variety of articles, essays, short stories, poetry, art and photography. The views expressed throughout the issue are those of the authors, not necessarily those of the publisher (the Board of Student Communications) or those of the Auburn Circle Editorial Board and staff.



Circle Magazine

Spring 1986, Volume 12, Number 1

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BALDWIN COUNTY

Several years ago on "The Tonight Show," Johnny Carson referred to Alabama as a "land-locked state." The mayor of

Gulf Shores quickly corrected Carson, explaining that in Baldwin County the nation's third largest waterway joins the Gulf of Mexico via Mobile Bay, creating a delta of swamps, islands, lagoons, and ivory beaches. And since *Outside* magazine last year selected Baldwin County as one of the top 100 counties in the United States, there is more than just the water and beaches of Gulf Shores to advertise. Residents of L.A.—Lower Alabama—have long appreciated the secret beauty and flavor of Baldwin County, from its many rivers and bays to its "melting pot" of peoples and cultures. Though hospitable by nature, Baldwin Countians have seen no need to let out their secret; it's a great place to visit, and an even better place to live.

A surprising number of well-known people have chosen to live in, or visit, Baldwin County. Jimmy Buffet, Governor Fob James, and quarterback Kenny Stabler have homes there; Ted Kennedy, Jack Nicholson, and Johnny Paycheck vacation there. Paycheck's visits to the area lead to his recording of the song

The Redneck Riviera

"Redneck Riviera," a tribute to Gulf Shores by native son and songwriter, Shine Powell. Powell's song, along with Hurricane Frederic and rumors of Stabler's run-ins with the press, brought the area to national attention.

Attention is something both visitors and residents prefer to avoid. Jimmy Buffet enjoys the down-home atmosphere as an alternative to the "touristy" Florida coast. On one occasion, fans pestered him at a local restaurant for a performance. His polite reply: "Suppose you cleaned toilets for a living, and every time you came to my house I asked you to clean my toilet?" His meaning was clear—I'm off-stage now; let me relax. Since then, Buffet has found residents more considerate.

It is not the celebrities who won Baldwin County's place in the Top 100. The county was a promised land for immigrants a century ago. Yankees and Europeans discovered the fertile land to be a bargain, infusing a greater ethnic variety than usual for much of the South, and the tradition continues today.

Fairhope, on the Eastern Shore of Mobile Bay, has remained popular with retirees from the North. The Grand Hotel on Point Clear is an international resort. But long-time settlers, particularly the farmers, have absorbed a rural, Southern heritage which is now in vogue for the nation—traditional family values, rugged entrepreneurship, civic and religious involvement, and a sense of community.

While the flat land is a boon to farmers, the topographical monotony is broken by vast forests and meandering rivers. Two rivers seem symbolically named. The Styx River, namesake of the mythical river in Hades, cuts through a pristine pine wilderness, affording a haven for canoeists and campers. Fish River, probably named by fishermen who never considered that the fish is a symbol for Christ, has traditionally been an angler's paradise.

Heaven and hell are appropriate images for Baldwin County. The serene ecstasy of sunsets shimmering on the distant ocean, of warm, white sand mas-

saging bare feet, the soothing echo of breaker upon breaker, all of which are sometimes shattered by the fury of Caribbean storms. In 1979, Hurricane Frederic nearly leveled Gulf Shores, leaving a ghost town of splintered beach dwellings and sand-flooded parks. Undaunted spirits (and healthy insurance checks) rebuilt the town from the sand up; the modern Gulf Shores compares favorably to any Florida resort. But the natives stay keenly aware of their precarious position by the sea—condos stand on buried, reinforced concrete, angled against future onslaughts; houses are lifted high on stilts; fences and sea oats have been placed strategically to anchor dunes. The residents cannot afford the paranoia, nor can they ignore precaution. So they live in shaky symbiosis with their sea, enduring the storms and reaping in exchange the wealth from tourism, seafood, and oil and natural gas revenues the Gulf provides.

Much of the county's resources remain untapped, by design. Lagoons and estuaries harbor future crops of shrimp, crab, and fish; pine forests swallow most of the county's northern half; acres of rich farmland lie in fallow, waiting to be planted in corn or soybeans. Heavy industry and large cities are conspicuously absent. Bordered by Mobile to the West and Pensacola to the East, the Redneck Riviera has been left unspoiled, thanks to an almost cultural rejection of concrete and smokestacks. Residents welcome tourists, encourage light industry, and accept the gifts of the land, but only on their own terms. It is this peculiar yet admirable character of the land and its people, this wonderful mix of moderation, abundance, and diversity that keeps Baldwin County high in the Top 100.



Unique Features of Baldwin County

- The largest county east of the Mississippi
- One of two sites worldwide for a 'Jubilee,' a rare but repeated phenomenon in which sea creatures—crabs, flounders, and eels—climb onto shore by the thousands (reason unknown)
- Established as a county before Alabama became a state
- City of Fairhope is the only single-tax colony in this hemisphere...a system of taxation based on Henry George's Book, *Progress and Poverty*

- May have been the first site of European settlers in America... Legend claims Welsh explorer Prince Madoc Gwnedd landed on the shores of Mobile Bay in 1170, over 300 years before Columbus

Events and Places

- Gulf Shores State Park and Beaches—about four million tourists visit each year for swimming, sunning, and camping
- Fairhope Arts and Crafts Show—one of the largest in the South (March)

- Malbis Greek Orthodox Church—right off the Malbis exit at I-10...is open to tourists...a magnificent domed tabernacle with over 150 paintings, stained-glass windows, and Athenian marble

- National Shrimp Festival, Gulf Shores—in October; arts, crafts, and seafood overflow

- Fort Morgan—near Gulf Shores, this Civil War fort once guarded the entrance to Mobile Bay...now a museum



A visit to the SHOPPING CENTER

His little girl stepped lightly into the car on the driver's side before him and scooted across the front seat. He thought it was kind of nice. She did a lot of things like that, and he wished he could give her more in return.

"No detours," his wife called from the porch, smiling. She was, he thought, still strikingly pretty—even in that old bathrobe, with a cigarette in one hand and a coffee cup in the other. She exhaled a thin stream of smoke and gestured a slight goodbye as he looked at her sadly and backed out of the drive.

He was thirty-nine and worried about it. Of course, there were years ahead of him, years of responsibilities if nothing else, so age itself wasn't what was bothering him. Rather, it was what seemed to come with age; he felt tired, depressed, increasingly unable to command the attention of those around him, to make them as happy as he'd like.

A free-lance screenwriter with few credits to his name, he'd been wise enough to earn an MFA and get a good job in the film department at the University to insure his family's security, but for some time now he had found himself showing more movies than he should so he wouldn't have to face his students as much. He was frequently curious about whether they detected his poorly-hidden listlessness; their boredom appeared to confirm his fears. And his department head, a nice-enough woman but thoroughly academic, had in recent months been urging him to publish in the scholarly journals, essentially implying that an associate professorship wouldn't be forthcoming unless he did. But he was sure that no one at school fully realized he was beginning to fall apart.

"Where is it we're going?" he asked absent-mindedly, pausing through the stop sign at the end of their street.

"Woolworth and the grocery store for Mommy," the little girl replied.

"Woolworth's, toothless."

"Oh, Daddy," she blushed.

Approaching the tennis courts at the edge of the city park near their home, he thought it odd that no one was playing on this fine, warm March Saturday, daffodils out, birds twittering; and he wondered at the same time whether his daughter would initiate the little game they'd been playing for what seemed to him now so long. Today he hoped not; he just didn't feel up to it.

But as they came abreast of the first net, she asked, "Where'd it come from?"

"What?" he answered evasively.

"Tennis."

"Oh. Well," he began, with considerable effort. "It came from ping-pong. The Chinese, a diminutive people, invented ping-pong."

"What's dinimitive?"

"Di-min-u-tive," he enunciated. "It means small. The Chinese are tinies, so they invented ping-pong. We stole it from them, added sweat and size, and there it was. Kipling wrote a story about it called 'Where East Meets West'."

"Who's Kipperling?"

"Kipling," he corrected, "was a crazy Portuguese writer who spent most of his life in Brazil during the last days of the great Portuguese Empire. He won the Nobel Prize for Literature in 1845."

"Is it a good story?"

"Not very. It's set in Africa, a neutral country south of the pyramids, where all the mummies are—takes all the conflict out."

"I think *you're* the one who's telling a story, Daddy."

"Me?" he asked, arching his eyebrows. This was part of the game, too—she would let him go only so far. "Look it up if you don't believe me. I may be off on a couple of the facts—I haven't read the story or studied Kipling since I was an undergraduate—but I wouldn't steer you wrong." Then he added something he hadn't in a while: "I love you too much to do that."

He waited a moment, hoping she would say something in return, but she got quiet, amusing herself by sticking her arm out the window and pushing the wind back with her open palm. Resisting the temptation to warn her to be careful, he drove on.

He thought about his wife. Though their relationship was still strong, it had become somewhat dry, flat. He knew that she was not at fault—that he was to blame and that she'd been nothing but supportive—but what he facetiously called his blue funk was, he could tell, beginning to frustrate her.

He looked briefly over at his daughter, and his mind slipped back to the time, when he was seven or eight, that he had been accused of hitting Nancy Zale in the head with a rock. Actually, little Davey French had thrown it, but Nancy, white gauze bandage only partially concealing a good-sized knot on her forehead, hand-in-hand with her livid father, had explained the story differently.

"Billy threw it," she pointed, sniffing.

Billy, as he was called then, merely glared at her and said nothing, sensing he wouldn't be believed. After the Zales were gone, his father backhanded him into a built-in hutch, shattering one sliding glass door. Miraculously, his head remained uncut as his mother ran crying to his defense.

Later his father came into his room and said, "Son, I didn't want to do that, and I love you. But I'd rather have you respect me than love me, and you'll get similar treatment when you step out of line in the future. Is that understood?"

"Yes, sir."

"One more thing: don't leave our yard, except to go to school, until I say you can."

Pulling into a space at the shopping center, he again looked over at his little girl, whom he'd never laid a hand on, and thought that if he couldn't have her love he wouldn't want her respect.

He exchanged a grin with the Woolworth's cashier when his daughter insisted on carrying the small bag filled with yarn and flashlight batteries.

"Quite a little lady you've got there," the young woman commented.

"Yes, she is, isn't she?"

He buttoned his sweater and put his hands in his pockets as they walked out of the store and headed down the long line of shop fronts, the little girl skipping ahead from time to time.

At Winn-Dixie he fought back a tear when she plopped down with both feet on the rubber mat that triggered the electric door. He felt silly, stupid, but a lot of things had been affecting him this way lately.

Getting bacon in bulk from the butcher, he said, "Cut it thick, please."

"Why?" asked the girl, looking on wide-eyed, her head between her hands, grasping the little wall in front of the butterfly pork chops.

"Because thin bacon will make you sick," he said, winking to the butcher. "Thick bacon contains greater amounts of a chemical called trichinosis than thin bacon, so it's safer."

"I get to pick out the milk."

"Okay," he said, shaking his head in amusement at her non sequitur. "But Mommy will skin us alive if you don't get the one with the date closest to today's on it."

"No, Daddy. It's the other way around. It's the one with the date farthest from today's."

"Just checking, Madam Queen. Sometimes I have to see if you're really on your toes. Well," he paused, "what else do we need?"

"Just bread."

"No, it seems to me that there was one more thing. Didn't Mommy tell us to stop by that bakery up the way and get a couple of éclairs?"

"No, Daddy. And she'll be mad when she finds out."

"How's she going to know if we keep mum? If you won't tell, I won't."

"All right," she said, obviously pleased but feigning a mild exasperation.

Their infraction of Mother's and the dentist's rules behind them, they strolled across the parking lot, conspirators in crime, holding hands. Cradling a grocery bag in his left arm, he thought of the light scolding he would receive from his wife for being gone so long and for his distorted teachings.

He felt weary from his efforts. The little girl was only seven, but the gulf between them was widening; it was getting harder for him to come up with his half of the script. He could still manage, and now he looked forward desperately to the ride home in the car. But he knew that things would be different in a few years, that he wouldn't be able to make her smile, at least not so easily.

Castles (for Blair)

Troubled young eyes
piece clouds
into bright knights
slashing trees
with gold ribbons
and piercing
the silver facade of
pink kings and tulip queens
with the brazen edge
of a silken sword

—Laura Ann Wright

IS ALAN COBER LYING ABOUT DRAWING?



"Whatever I do is based on my personality—where I've traveled, where I've grown up, what I see, what I read, what I've experienced," said prominent American artist Alan Cober. "The more you experience, the more you read, the more you see, the better artist you are."

Cober, who was one of 36 top American illustrators to have his work exhibited in a traveling exhibition hosted by the Society of Illustrators last month, discussed his life and career during a campus visit April 17 as part of the Auburn University Lecture series.

"My main thrust in life is drawing and the importance of drawing," Cober said. "It's life's blood; it's like oxygen, it's everything."

Cober's work has been seen in *Life*, *Rolling Stone*, *Newsweek*, *Sports Illustrated*, *Look*, *Inside Sports*, *Harpers and Atlantic* magazines. He has worked on assignment for IBM, CBS, NBC, ITT, G.E. and Xerox. His drawings and illustrated books have earned him more than 200 awards.

The illustrator has been referred to as a social commentator, a social historian and a graphic reporter. His interests in the social outcasts of society have taken him into juvenile courtrooms, prisons, and nursing homes to record the conditions in his own way.

"I was raised in a socially political family," Cober said. "My grandmother was involved in politics when she came here from Austria. My father was involved in politics and social causes. All that is part of me, all part of my experience."

Cober covered the 1980 presidential campaign, the assassination of Dr. Martin Luther King, Jr., and was chairman of an exhibition of artists against war.

He managed to achieve his success despite a learning disability that he only discovered in adulthood.

The disability, a visual memory problem, was diagnosed after Cober's young son was confirmed as suffering from it.

"It lifted something off me," Cober said. "I knew I was intelligent, but I couldn't understand why in grade school everybody could read something in a minute and it would take me five minutes. Then I didn't really remember anything I'd read."





Cober said his style is a result of the problem. Although he didn't know it at the time, the disability forced Cober to methodically study the things he drew.

"When I look at an engine, that's how I see it, one part at a time," he said. "It's hard to fix an engine that way, but you start to understand how it works."

Drawing is something that needs constant nurturing, Cober said. Sketchbooks, he said, have to be carried around. "They have to be a part of you. . . you have to get used to them. It's got to be a habit."

The illustrator said he once drew almost everything he came into contact with. "For a thousand years, I would sit in bed and draw my own feet while

watching TV," he said. "Whenever my wife fell asleep, I would be drawing her at one o'clock in the morning."

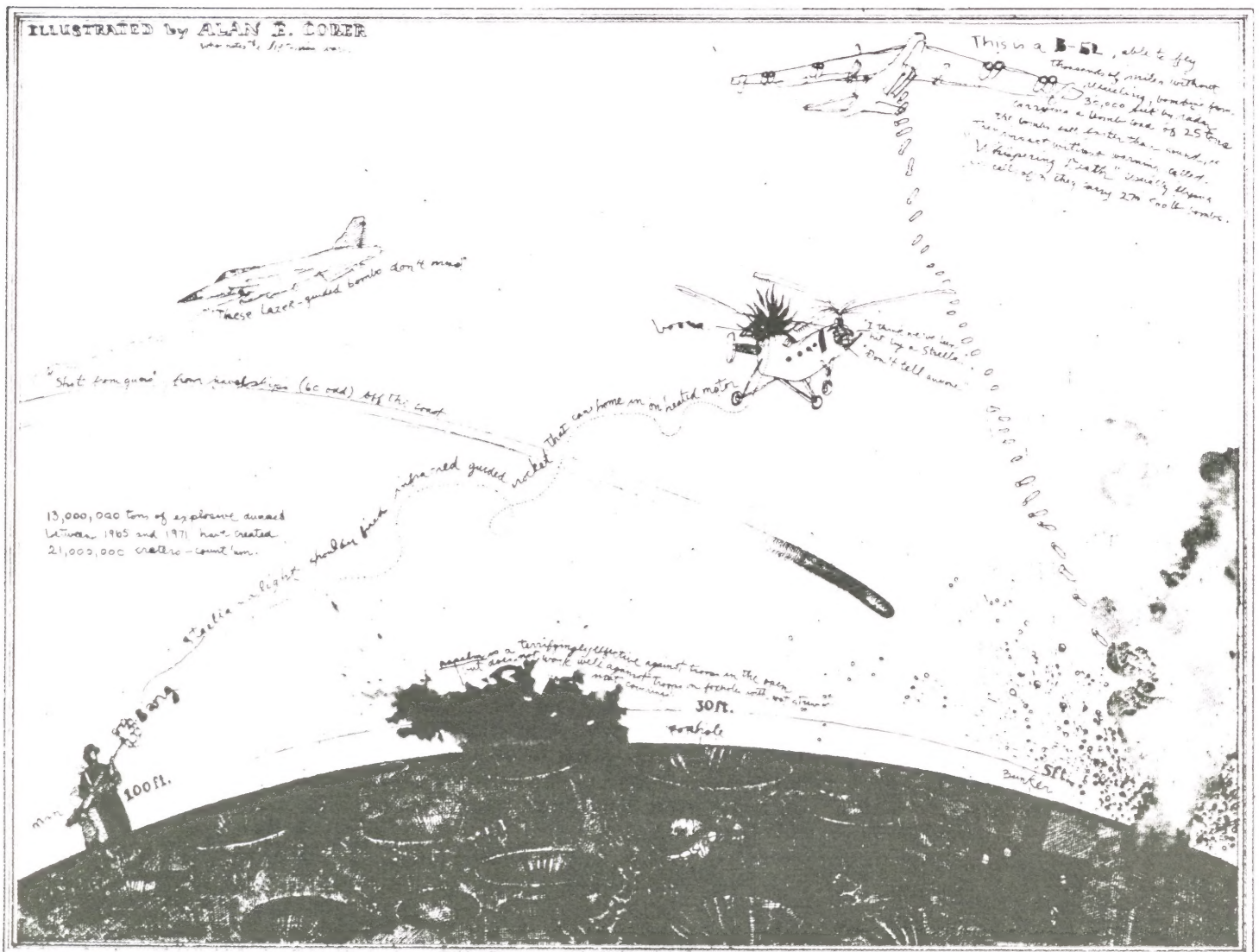
Cober said he now draws almost every day, but not as much as he once did.

The key to his success in the world of illustration, Cober said, is his ability to sit down and do an assignment. "There are few artists or illustrators who can sit and work directly on the spot and bring something. . . some guts to it."

Cober couldn't name one aspect of his life that has influenced him the most. "I've gathered stuff as I've moved along. I've drawn upon everything I've experienced. And that's what made me what I am."

ILLUSTRATION OF AUBURN STUDENT HANK CHAMPION

SPREAD FROM THE SATURDAY REVIEW



FOWL WEATHER FOR HUNTING

Boom! Boom!
Gun blasts shatter the peacefulness of the early morning and four ducks plummet to earth. Auburn graduates Rob Lineberger and Bill Herbert, both of Nashville, Tenn., triumphantly reload their guns, awaiting the arrival of more birds.

"Isn't this great?" says Lineberger, oblivious to the damp coldness and the icy wind slashing at this camouflaged duck blind. A few soft snowflakes dance through the air, laughing at their unfortunate companions who already lie anchored among the soggy leaves and reeds.

Why does anyone brave such bone-chilling conditions to kill a few birds?

His cheeks red from the cold, Herbert animatedly defends the sport. "It's great! You hear 'em coming and then you see 'em circling, and then you've got the suspense of waiting for just the right minute to fire."

The day begins early for the hunters who rise at 2:15 a.m. to don the many layers they need to keep warm. A late

night country radio show announces the 6 degree temperature and a wind chill factor of 33 below zero. To them, this is great news.

"With the wind blowing like it has through the night, the water in front of the blind will be free of ice," says Lineberger, his blue eyes gleaming in anticipation.

Both wear long underwear, wool sweaters and pants, two pairs of socks, goosedown jackets, wool caps and rubber hip boots. They carry 12-gauge shotguns and a variety of shot. "You can use anything from BBs to buckshot," said Lineberger. "It depends on the kind of bird you're shooting at and how far away they are."

From Nashville, it is an hour and a half drive to the Buffalo River Hunting Club near Waverly, Tenn. The club, which consists of about 36 members, occupies a marshy piece of land. Scattered across the territory are several duck blinds, box-like wood and concrete shacks covered with brush and limbs to provide hiding places for the hunters.

Herbert and Lineberger set decoys out

in the flooded grain fields where the ducks come to rest and feed. The decoys, which were balanced to stay afloat, hopefully reassure the wild birds that the area is safe.

So they wait. And wait. Herbert's eyes water in the sharp wind, and Lineberger rubs his bare hands together to keep his fingers from getting stiff.

Suddenly there comes a faint but familiar noise—the whistle of wings on the wind. Herbert blows a few times on his duck call, and moments pass before they spot the dark specks approaching. He continues blowing the call until the flock, now overhead, begins circling the pond. On the sixth circle they start the descent, and the shooting begins.

As they examine the dead green and brown wood ducks, Lineberger explains, "We're having pretty good luck today, but sometimes you can come out here and sit on your butt in the mud and ice and not kill anything but time."

Duck hunting is apparently designed to discourage as many people as possible from participating. The season runs from early December through Jan-

uary. Prime weather conditions include a cold wind, freezing temperatures and overcast skies. A good place to hunt must be wet and marshy, usually on a pond or river. Late risers can forget it, as true duck hunters are in position before dawn breaks.

Despite these factors, Lineberger defends the sport.

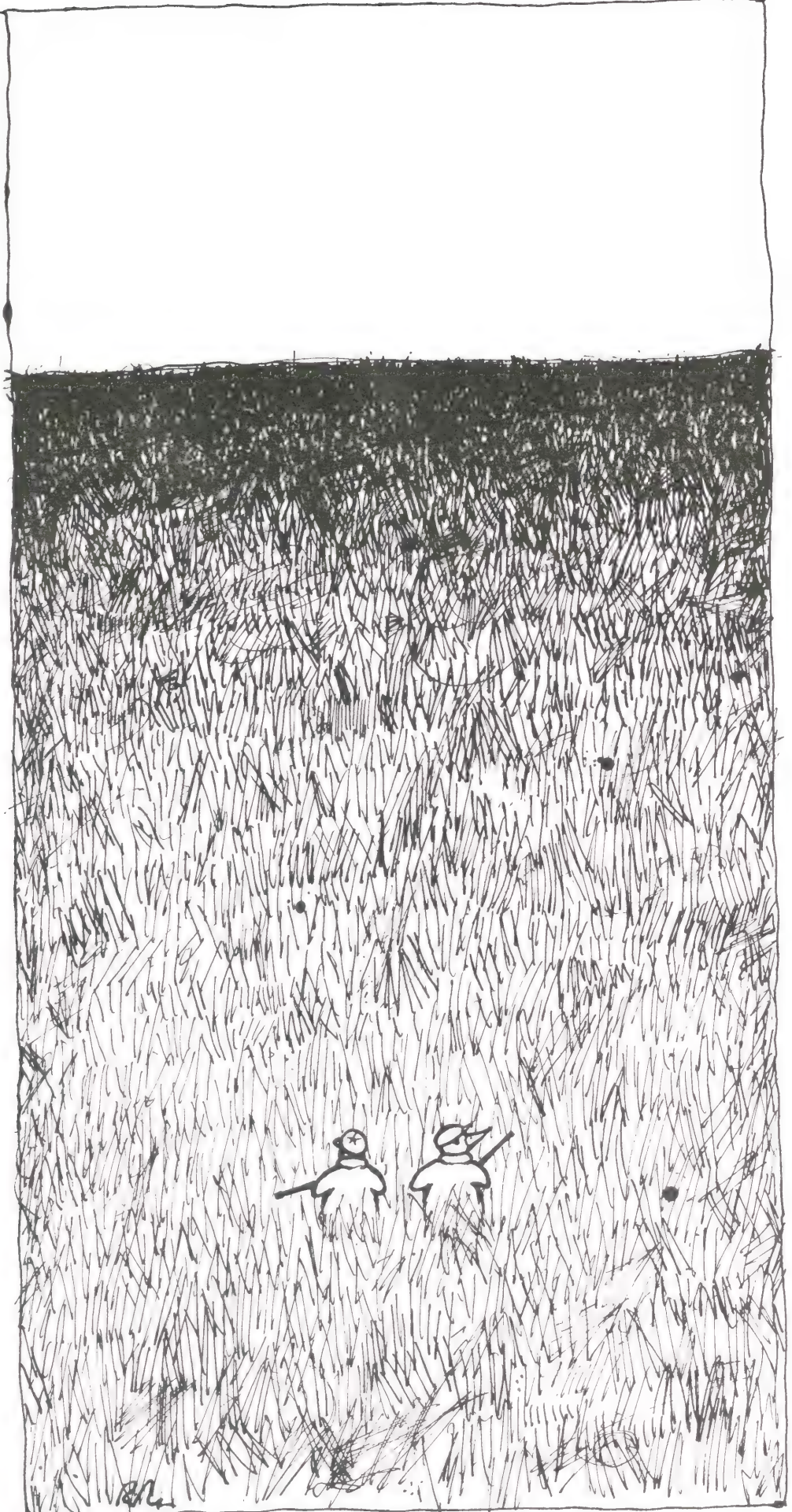
"It's not those bad times that you remember—that keep you coming back. It's the times you're sitting here and the frost and ice is shining everywhere and everything's quiet. Then you can just barely see the ducks coming as the sun is coming up, and they start making those circles."

Herbert adds, "And sure it's fun to hit what you aim at, but the best part is sitting here waiting for them. Just being out here in nature makes you feel so good you forget about your numb hands and the ice that's in your waders. It's just great."

Midnight

The lamp makes a circle, a hush, as the pen moves across paper. The mantel clock strikes twelve times resonating, then silence comes again. A sleepless night, thoughts search along dark walls, patches of streetlight, white and the window. A summer night when green trees in mist swell with life, the tired pen and the lamp's circle.

—D. Sloan





OUT ON THE PIER

The old rocker squeaked as I slowly rocked back and forth on Uncle Jake's porch. I held the neck of my Dickel bottle in one hand and a cigarette in the other. I was trying so hard to rid my mind of what I knew I had to do; the more clear glass I saw in my bottle, the louder the thought hammered home.

The wind seemed to be picking up a little, giving me some relief from the sticky heat. God, how I hated these Cajun nights.

The Dickel burned on its way down my throat and I chased it with a long drag on my cigarette. Over a fourth of the glass was showing in my bottle now—I'd be ready soon.

My rocker squeaked in time to the chirping crickets. Somewhere in the distance an owl was hooting, almost like he was telling me it was time to get up and do what I knew I should.

I heard the screen door creak open behind me and Uncle Jake's shuffling limp coming across the porch. It crossed my mind to jump up and run as fast as I could to get away—I couldn't do it.

Uncle Jake spoke softly, "You know it's gotta be done tonight. Ain't no use in both of you suffering no more."

I took another swig of my Dickel and swirled it around in my mouth before swallowing. I tried to close his words out and concentrate on getting my rocker to squeak louder than the crickets. Hell, I couldn't do that either.

Uncle Jake scraped his rocker across the porch and pulled it up next to mine. "You see that ring around the moon?" he asked. "It's gonna rain before morning."

Almost as an afterthought he softly added, "You want me to do it for you?"

"No," I said, feeling the tears begin to well up in my eyes. "Can't nobody do it for me, Jake. You know that."

Still, I made no move to motivate; my thoughts held me firmly seated in the rocker. Uncle Jake reached behind him and pulled out his shotgun. I watched over the top of my bottle as he took two shells from the bib of his overalls and put them into the gun's chamber.

"Here now," he said, as he gently placed the gun across my lap. The cold metal of the heavy gun motivated me, and I took my last swig of ole' George. The crickets seemed abnormally

loud without my squeaking accompaniment.

I handed Uncle Jake my bottle and our eyes locked as he took it. I saw in his eyes the courage I needed to go along with my motivation.

"Take care of that for me, huh, Jake?"

He smiled and walked with me across the porch. "Are you sure you don't want me to do it, or at least go with you?"

I managed a half smile at him and slowly shook my head. He reached out to hug me in his clumsy way and I clung tightly to his frail body. My eyes were forming tears as he kissed my cheek and shuffled back into the house.

I stood on the porch steps for a minute to collect myself. Wonder where he is? Probably down by the pond; he always loved the pond at night.

With stiff, deliberate steps, I started for the pond. The cool, wet weeds felt rough against my bare legs. In the distance, heat lightning lit up the sky; I heard the first rumble of the approaching storm.

As I neared the pond I got a real sick feeling in the pit of my stomach. I wished I hadn't drank so much.

I could see the pond now and I was right. He was stretched out on the pier, watching bullfrogs and enjoying the night—just like we used to do together.

He heard me coming through the weeds and turned around. On any other night he would have jumped up and run toward me. Instead, he just stood there and watched my silhouette walk slowly to the pier's edge.

He took a few steps toward me and I saw the sharp whiteness of his teeth in the brief flash of lightning. I gripped the shotgun more tightly, glad that I had it, and pointed it toward him. The tears that had been so close all night began to run down my cheeks.

His throaty growl broke through my reverie, and with the next flash of lightning I clearly saw his foamy muzzle and red eyes. As he lunged for me, I pulled both triggers.

The blast was drowned out by a booming clap of thunder. The force of the shotgun knocked me down and I heard his body drop a few feet from mine. As I lay there in the tall grass the first raindrops began to fall on my wet face.

AN ARTISTIC APPEAL

The gallery was alive with color and emotion, its heart beating to the pulse of music indigenous to Africa. On the wall directly across from the entrance, a fiery fist exploded in vivid splashes of scarlet, crimson and gold, growing out of a chaotic surge of color into a unified symbol of strength. On my right was a man tangled in an embrace with two children, his face contorted by pain, his wrists chained. The mood was sullen.

The theme of the art show, Students Against Apartheid, took the artist and spectator halfway around the world and into the lives of millions of people who seem to have little effect on our daily activity. It was this feeling of distance and resultant complacency that inspired the show's organizers, Lori Lodwick and Bruce Carpenter (along with Lori Allen and me), to hold the art show that we presented in the Union gallery at the end of March.

Unfortunately, the event was poorly attended and went all but unnoticed by Auburn students. The art show received as little attention from students as the issue it was concerned with. As one of the organizers of the art show, I believe that there are certain facts about apartheid that everyone should be acquainted with.

Apartheid is South Africa's official policy of racial segregation. The unofficial reality is subjugation of the general population by a government which represents only about 14 percent of the population. The obstacle that we confront as spectators thousands of miles away from the turmoil is that even if we could know enough, the many factors contributing to apartheid are complex and the solutions obscure and elusive.

However, we could be aware that the problems which exist in South Africa

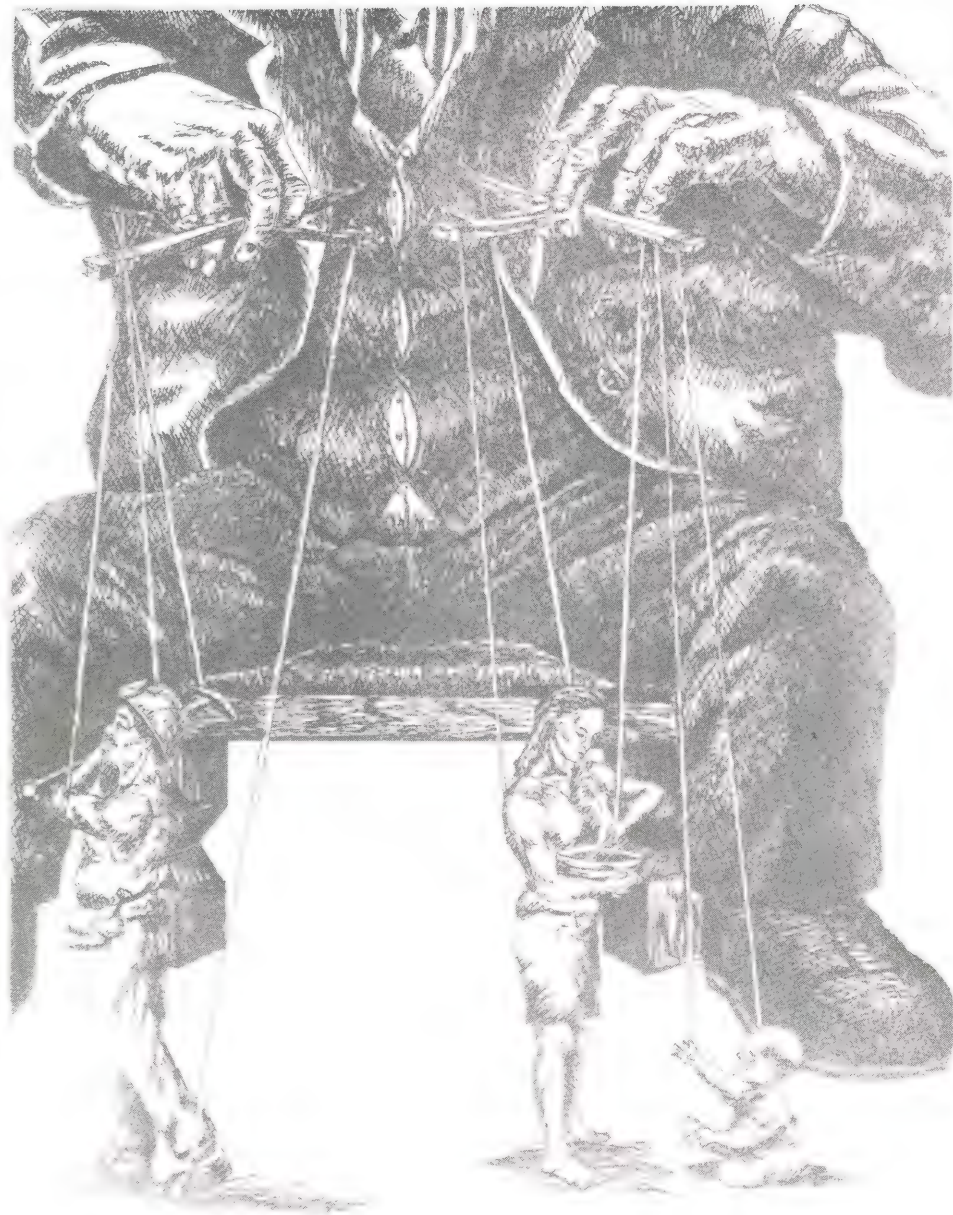


are not new. The conflict has been a part of life since European trading companies colonized the Cape. Present tension between supporters of the government and the general population are rooted in the extermination and enslavement of native Africans by settlers during the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries. In the twentieth century the goals of the Afrikaaner government have included promoting white supremacy and instituting policies of racial segregation. Legislators have woven an intricate fabric of laws to ensure racial and cultural "purity." In other words, contact between white and black South Africans is not acceptable; for example, interracial marriage and sexual relations are considered criminal offenses.

The black South Africans are living in substandard conditions; their overcrowded townships are economic wastelands, too poor to feed themselves. Consequently, these people, in order to survive, must serve as cheap labor for wealthy white farmers and mine and factory owners. The land allocated for blacks is not unlike the United States reservations held for native Americans. The European descendants have been settled in South Africa longer than European groups have inhabited this continent. The white Africans are as much a part of the culture of South Africa as any American of European lineage is to this country. The solution to the problem then is not deciding which group should stay and which should leave South Africa; rather, it is creating a government which would establish a working relationship among all South African citizens.

As organizers of the art show, we worked on the peaceful demonstration with the view that each protest, no matter how small or unnoticed, has a persuasive power when counted collectively. We would like to think that if there were enough small-scale protests, together they would be equivalent in power and effect as one grand show of support. As an individual event there is not much chance of attracting the attention of those people who could make a change. Bruce and Lori believe that raising the public awareness affords the best opportunity to find a solution. Their opinion is not dissimilar to that of Bishop Desmond Tutu of South Africa.

On a recent tour of the United States, Bishop Tutu praised Americans for their active support of oppressed people in his native homeland. According to him, every demonstration raises awareness among people not involved with the problem. When these problems are pre-



sented to the greatest number of people possible, he says, we create a sort of "world court." He believes that public opinion, especially in the United States, is as powerful a motive force as ever existed—when the South African crisis sits opposite the court of opinion, the result is change. The direction this change takes is somewhat predictable; the oppression and killing of people cannot be justified.

When I first learned what was taking place in South Africa, I also discovered I was not alone in my concern. The horror and repugnance invoked in me when I see South African police disperse public gatherings with tear gas and gunfire, and the resentment I feel towards a government that imprisons those who speak against injustice, are feelings shared by many people on and around this campus. Conversations with fellow students revealed to me that they see the violation of rights such as public speech and assembly, voting, mate selec-

tion and free enterprise as unjust and immoral. The common feeling among the artists who participated in the show was a desire to do "what's right." A freshman in political science who came to see the show, Antonio Foster, eloquently summarized the sentiment of many of the artists when he echoed the words of Martin Luther King, Jr.: "Injustice anywhere is a threat to justice everywhere."

While the gravity of the situation inspired the organizers and some artists' sense of moral obligation, it discouraged others from participating. One art student felt too distant from the problem to submit any work; he said the problem was beyond his understanding and too far away to directly affect him emotionally. Still, some of the artists who did participate seemed more excited about the opportunity to hang their work, rather than become concerned with injustice across the ocean.

Before the opening of the art show, I

had assumed turnout would be good. In my experience here in the South, political issues with racial undertones have never failed to arouse interest; however, this time it was not the case. The show attracted very little attention outside of the local community of artists and a few roaming political science majors.

Involvement, it seems, hangs on a responsibility born of compassion. Artists responded, for the most part, to the situation because it needed their attention. Because the societies we have created are living entities in a state of

constant change, they require constant monitoring and periodic maintenance. The goal of the art show was to attract attention to the problem, with the hope that word of this protest may reach the ear of someone who has the authority to make a difference. More than that, though, the art show was an exhibit of humanitarian ideals not too apparent on the Auburn campus. In a time when most students seem concerned only with personal gratification and monetary gain, these artists took the time to show the support for someone else.



COLLAGE BY ZOE ALLISON

The Crow

A black bird skids across the white sky and splashes into a bone-bent pine. Shattered bark rains and the oily orbs of the bird focus on my eyes for balance.

We stare.

I remember.

The crow used to walk a tight rope in my back yard. While it dodged clothes pins I laced my hair with clover chains.

The bird once sang
but now I feel the crow's guttural call
stir a stagnant well deep in my gut-tunnel.
The reservoir of sunken years churns
and what surfaces burns my mind:
lies from my mother,
my sister's wounds,
love.

A reflex rushes like a wave
and thrusts my hands around three
black stones. A child in a tantrum,
I release the primitive weapons.
One,
two,
three...

Two stones miss. One missile bullets.
The slick back buckles, the wings arch,
the black bird drops and lands flat
like a book pressed rose.

—Blair Hobbs

A L A B A M A SHAKESPEARE F E S T I V A L

On the cool, sunny Sunday afternoon that my friend and I rounded the curve on Festival Drive and got our first glimpse of the Alabama Shakespeare Festival (ASF) complex, the sight made us stop and wonder if we were really in good ole' Montgomery.

The imposing complex sprawls over a lush landscape of rolling meadows and is mirrored by a man-made lake in front, complete with black and white swans floating about. For a moment, the carefully-designed illusion almost convinced us that we'd stumbled onto some baronial English home. Reality re-entered in a big way, however, when we drove through the parking lot and found ourselves in the midst of Porsches, Jaguars, and BMWs.

When we first stepped into the main lobby, which wraps around the front of the \$21.5 million complex that Winston M. Blount donated to Montgomery, we were greeted by the sight of a giant bronze Puck, appropriate since he's one of the characters from "A Midsummer Night's Dream," the first play put on in the new ASF building. Gracing the walls were beautiful concoctions of lace and pearls, costumes from past Shakespearean plays.

ASF had its origins in Anniston, Alabama, 13 years ago. From 1972 until the new ASF complex opened in December of 1985, the Shakespeare company presented its six-week seasons in a borrowed building, which rapidly became overcrowded as the number of ASF patrons expanded.

As one of the ASF box-office workers put it, "the theater is equipped to handle anything." The repertory theater is experimenting with various techniques such as those involving audience participation. The seating of the Festival

stage can be arranged to where the audience can become involved in the performance and even determine the outcome of plays.

Stepping into the ASF Patrons' Room is like stepping into one of the rooms in a house listed in the National Register of Historic Homes. The dominant color scheme is one of rich pastels such as lavender, rose, forest green, and ivory. These colors permeate the building, shading the luxurious plush rugs, the wallpaper, the upholstery, and the bathrooms, which are equipped with your own private telephone.

Glancing out of the picture windows over the meadow, we searched for the sheep which were supposedly roaming around, having been transported from Auburn (yes, our Auburn) to keep the swans company and to complete the picture of an English countryside. There were no sheep in sight, but the sense of a time warp crept upon us again when we saw two English maids strolling through the side lawn, holding up their aprons and chattering to each other. The illusion disappeared again, however, when we looked past the ladies and saw deep bulldozer tracks left in the mud where the lawn hadn't yet reached.

As we wandered through the lobby that makes up the front of the building, all types of architectural designs leapt out at us: high ceilings, huge stone-like convex hanging lights, arches, columns, carpeted staircases poking out in all directions, and little nooks and crannies holding statues or pictures or literature on Alabama the Beautiful. There are concession stands, "mobile bars," (whatever you take that to mean) and brass fountains set in blue-veined marble. (Of course, a \$21.5 million building wouldn't have something as mundane as stainless steel water fountains.)

And of course, there is a gift shop offering many remembrances of the Bard, such as costume patterns for the 1490-1535 period, ASF T-shirts and coffee mugs, copies of *Festival*, the official program magazine of the ASF, and, perversely, even William Shakespeare ashtrays so one can dump his ashes on the Bard's likeness.

There are two theaters in the building—the Octagon Theater "for more intimate performances," and the Festival Stage. It was on the Festival Stage that the matinee performance of "Pygmalion" was underway when we peeked inside from the upper level. The seats look down on the stage, which juts out slightly into the audience and is thus surrounded three-quarters of the way by the audience. There seemed to be box seats on the sides which gave the impression of a Victorian theater setting. It was shortly after our peek at the theater that we decided to leave since it was intermission. Suddenly tons of people dressed in their Sunday best began streaming into the lobby, while Katrina and I stood there, clad in jean jackets, T-shirts, jeans and tennis shoes, feeling like two indigent welfare recipients who had mistakenly crawled into a fancy party.

Though the inside of the complex gives off the combined impression of an historic home and a movie theater, the grounds are peaceful, quiet, and seem light-years away from their location right off the Eastern Bypass. Set on about 100 acres of Blount's 240-acre cultural park called Wynfield, the complex is virtually free of the din of traffic and the yells of children. There's just the sound of the wind and of the birds. Pretty nice—but we still didn't get to see the sheep.

A Cold Wind Blows

Point Martin is a small coal-mining community nestled in the Allegheny Mountains of western Pennsylvania, and it's dying. Or so the residents think. The mines are closing down and the people are moving out. Beer-hall prophets have been forecasting the town's fate for years. "This town would dry up and blow away if it weren't for the coal," they decreed. Their prophecy is being affirmed—the coal is nearly gone, the life of the town is close behind. If they only knew. Life left a long time ago.

Currier and Ives once used the community as a setting for holiday greeting cards. The town is a picture perfect scene: quaint and all-American. The fact that a whitewashed town can exist in the middle of coal country seems unlikely, but Point Martin exists. Life here is pure. Perfect. Untarnished. Life here is a farce. The whitewash is a facade to me. A heart as black as the life-sustaining coal beats under that facade. Nobody realizes that the town was dying twenty years ago—except for me. The town began to die when John Mule went away.

Autumn was at its peak of beauty when I first met John: sugar maples were adorned with amber and crimson leaves; rhododendron bushes displayed their final lavender blossoms; wildflowers bloomed with splendor for their remaining moments. My friend Tim and I were eleven years old and in the midst of discovering the world of nature. On Saturdays, we were allowed to walk the mile to Dale's Hollow and explore the wonders of that valley. We met John Mule on one of those glorious Saturdays.

We had followed a shallow stream through the hollow and discovered a small pond. This microcosm offered a new challenge to us, so we quickly invaded its serenity. Tom and Huck couldn't have had more fun than we had that day. A tarpapered hunter's cabin overlooked the pond from the hillside. We had

been skipping stones across the water when a voice directed our attention to the cabin. A large, burly old man stood next to the cabin and he waved to us.

"Hallo to you," he hollered.

We waved back and returned a greeting. He motioned for us to come to him, so we hiked up the hill to see what he wanted.

"Come get warm," he said with a thick German accent while he opened the door to his cabin for us.

We had been playing in the chilled air for hours, and our hands were red and numb from catching minnows in the cold water. A wood fire would be a welcome friend, we thought. Our host ushered us into his home.

The cabin was no more than a small room. A straw-stuffed mattress occupied the bed against the windowed wall. In the center of the room a woodstove, formerly a fifty-gallon oil drum, produced heat. A simple wooden table and a cane-backed chair sat next to the stove. The back wall had shelves filled with cans of food, mostly beans. Kerosene lanterns and cooking utensils hung from the ceiling. A small wooden crucifix had been nailed to the door. A sooty mirror dully reflected the sunlight. Wood smoke and the scent of human perspiration filled our nostrils.

"You boys want some coffee?" the man asked.

Tim and I exchanged glances and agreed that coffee would be fine. We sat on the bed and warmed our hands in front of the fire.

Our host poured coffee into three clay mugs and handed one to each of us. We sipped the steaming liquid and agreed that it was very good.

"Everybody calls me John Mule," the elderly man said.

We introduced ourselves and told him that we were from Point Martin. "How long have you lived here?" I asked him.

"Maybe one year," he answered from his chair. "I come here from Ohio. Mr. Sam give me house to live in." His deep German voice boomed in the confines of the room.

John occasionally did odd jobs for Sam Fleming at Sam's grocery store. Everyone in town had seen John at one time or another, but nobody knew much about him.

"Your voice sounds funny," Tim said. "Like you were from another country."

John laughed and his ample body jiggled with his merriment. "I come from Germany many years ago. Deutschland. I come to America on boat. Want to be American. Even change name. I Johann Mueller in Deutschland."

Germany. We knew enough about history to ask the obvious question. "Were you a Nazi?" Tim inquired. We both waited for the answer, afraid to hear, yet anxious to know.

"I was soldier, but I no Nazi," he answered. "I was sergeant." He had a proud appearance as he straightened himself to attention.

My father had served with the Army during the war. He was proud of the number of Germans he had shot. I wondered if he might have fired his rifle at John somewhere in Europe.

John showed us how to march like a good German soldier. Tim and I eagerly attempted the goose-step movements while John gave us commands in his native tongue. We giggled as we bumped into each other. John roared with laughter. He was having a fine time. We sat down again and finished our coffee. John placed a small leather pouch on the table and removed some cigarette papers from his coveralls.

"You boys want smoke?" he asked.

Tim and I looked at each other, amazement etched into our features. "Sure," we replied.

John sprinkled tobacco from his pouch onto a cigarette paper, licked the adhesive gum and quickly formed a cigarette between his fingers. "You make," he said. We followed his instructions and after several attempts, completed the project.

He placed a wooden stick into the stove and brought out a small flame. We lighted our cigarettes and began to smoke. Inhale, exhale, cough. We repeated that process several times before we eliminated the cough. Again, John laughed with intensity, his bald head nearly glowing red. We sat back and enjoyed the warmth.

"How come you came here?" I asked John.

"I come to America to be farmer. Go to Ohio to live with my friend, Ulrich. But he have family, so I must go. He know Mr. Sam. So Mr. Sam tell me to come live here. He good man." John leaned back in his chair and inhaled deeply on his cigarette.

"Didn't you like Germany?" Tim asked.

"Ya, I love Deutschland. But there is nothing there for me anymore. My fraulein and boy died in the war. There was nothing left for me." He looked away for a long time. His cigarette burned down to his fingertips before he turned back to us and smiled.

Tim and I finished puffing our cigarettes and thanked our host for his fine hospitality. We said that we would visit again and went outside.

"Good-bye, boys," he said. "Auf Wiedersehen."

"See you later," I said.

"Auf Wiedersehen to you, too," Tim replied.

We slowly made our way home and agreed that this was our secret and no one else needed to know.

But secrets are difficult to keep from parents. My clothing smelled of wood smoke and my parents questioned me about my afternoon. I admitted that we had warmed ourselves in John's cabin, but kept the details to myself. My father related the dire consequences I would suffer if I ever went back. This new world was filled with excitement, I couldn't turn away.

Tim and I visited John throughout October and November. By changing our clothing after leaving John's cabin, we could enter our homes without arousing suspicion as to our whereabouts. We were becoming worldly men, and both of us waited in anticipation for Saturdays. We could hardly sit still because of our desire to enjoy that good cup of coffee and cigarette on a cold afternoon. Besides, John told the best stories: tales of war and childhood, castles and ghosts. We had discovered a world like no other.

Several of my visits with John were without Tim. There was something extra special about those particular visits. Our routine of sitting in front of the woodstove and sipping coffee was as comfortable as I could imagine. John would tell me all about his life and world. I was the perfect audience. During one of those visits I learned how good life could be.

"You make a friend, Michael, and he be your friend always. Nobody can live without friends. Mr. Sam my friend. And Tim. You my friend, too. You my forever friend." John showed me his deep compassion with his smile. There was a feeling inside me that I'd never known before. It seemed that the moment called for a hug, but I really didn't know how to do it. I wish to God that I would have held that man.

I began to grow up during that autumn without being aware of the process. John unselfishly shared his simple pleasures with us. In turn, we provided him with attentive company. Tim and I gladly did errands for him, procuring bread and kerosene from Sam's grocery store or carrying water from the stream. My heart was warmed by a new fire. I was learning to share an inner goodness that we all have: I was learning to love my fellow man.

But how fragile a child's heart is, how easily he can be damaged. My world with John was on a collision course with my father's world. All too soon, my fire was to be extinguished.

Tim had been helping me rake the fallen leaves in my backyard. As all boys do, we diverted our attention to more interest-

ILLUSTRATION BY CHIP MCCUISTON



ing pursuits. Tim counted aloud in German and I goose-stepped to the rhythm of his voice. That was my mistake. My father had been watching us through the kitchen window. He burst through the back door and ran to us. Tim froze, terror in his face. My father grabbed me tightly by the shoulders and stared into my eyes with fiery intensity.

"Where did you learn to do that?" he demanded angrily.

The intensity of his anger frightened me. I knew the results of his rage. My mouth opened, but no voice escaped. Tim looked at me with eyes begging forgiveness; he turned and ran home.

"Get into the house," my father shouted. He shoved me toward the house and I stumbled up the steps.

We stood in the kitchen and he held on tightly to my shoulders again. "Where did you learn to do that?" he shouted.

"John Mule," I meekly replied. He wanted the whole story. I told him everything. The fury grew in his eyes with each item I related.

After the story had been told, I awaited the judgment, but it wasn't delivered immediately. My father picked up the phone and called Tim's father and debated what type of action to

pursue. I prayed that my punishment would be enduring. That prayer went unheeded.

"Didn't I tell you to stay away from that old man?" he demanded. "Didn't I tell you his shack was off limits?"

"Yes, sir," I replied.

"Why didn't you listen? Are you deaf or something?" He looked at me with contempt.

I just stared at the floor for most of the interrogation. Panic had seized my very being. There was no use to question him, no chance to plead my case. He removed his belt.

"I'll teach you a lesson about obedience that you won't soon forget," he growled. "Drop your pants."

I prayed, again, to live through the beating. My father began slowly but quickly found his rhythm; he performed his duty without mercy. He ended the torture when I screamed.

The next few hours were spent in quiet contemplation of my father's murder. Surely an eleven-year-old could perform the act without being caught, I thought. Since I had been confined to my room each evening for the remainder of the week, I had plenty of time to consider the deed. But as the week progressed, I became more humble and apologetic. My hate subsided, and I desired to be a worthy human being in my father's eyes. The time had come, I thought, when my father told me that my confinement would end on Monday.

"You're going to the town council meeting with me on Monday," he said. "We're going to decide what to do about John Mule."

I didn't understand: why did anything have to be done about John? "He didn't do anything wrong," I said.

"You just shut up. That sonofabitch doesn't belong here."

My heart dropped. I understood everything. The testimony my father had extracted from me was used to take John to public trial. I had condemned a loved-one's life with my truthfulness.

The town council chamber was already filled with smoke when we entered. Three rows of metal folding chairs faced the councilmen's table. Two dozen or so people occupied the chairs. John Mule sat in the front row; we sat in the last one. The meeting was called to order at seven o'clock and the mayor led us in the Pledge of Allegiance. We sat down again and listened to the reading of the minutes. Old business was quickly dispensed with by the mayor and four councilmen.

"Ladies and gentlemen," the mayor began, "we will now discuss new business. The first item on the agenda concerns several complaints directed toward Mr. John Mule. Gladys, would you like to begin?"

Gladys Maxwell, a small and prissy sort of woman, was the principal of the grade school. She stood and related her complaint. "Mr. Mule has danced on the playground in front of the children on two occasions. He acted like a drunken old fool. I had to ask him to leave both times." Gladys went on about John's improper behavior.

John stood and said, "I not drunk. I dance for the children. They like me." He looked around the room for a moment and sat down again.

Several other people complained about John's appearance. A loud murmur filled the room as neighbors compared stories.

"He looks like a bum," one upstanding citizen shouted.

"The old man is a bad example for all of the kids," someone said. John sat still, his eyes focused on the floor, his hat tightly gripped by his hands. An artificial anger filled the hall. The people acted like the concerned citizens of a wild west lynch

mob. All that was missing was a voice in the crowd shouting, "Get the rope. We're gonna hang him!"

My father stood and was recognized. He stated his complaint.

"My boy's been hanging around Mule's shack doing all sorts of things. Smoking cigarettes, drinking coffee. Who knows what else."

"Come on, Will, you did things like that when you were a kid," the mayor said. "That doesn't sound so terribly wrong."

My father glared at the mayor, his simmering fury had boiled to the top. "I want you to see something," he said. I was told to stand up and perform my German march for the assembly. My face flushed with anger and embarrassment as I marched up the center aisle toward the council table.

"Look at that!" my father said, while he pointed at me. "That sonofabitch is a damn Nazi. Hell, I killed those bastards in the war. Now I got one trying to turn my son into one of them!" His face was distorted with fury as he glared at John. My heart broke; my father was that voice in the crowd.

John stood again, his face flushed and contorted in anger. "I no Nazi! I no Nazi!" he said in his deep, loud voice. "I was soldier, but I no Nazi!" His chest heaved as if he were gasping for breath. He turned toward the councilmen. "I only want to be friends. I no hurt nobody. I happy here." John looked at the floor and breathed deeply several times. He became calm. "I make no trouble. I go. Maybe I go back to Ohio." John put on his winter coat and pulled his toboggan over his bald head. He walked toward the door, stopped, and looked at me. He showed me a sad smile and said, "You be good soldier, my friend." John turned and walked out the door.

I glared at my father. How I hated him. And Gladys Maxwell. And the mayor and councilmen. And the whole damn town of Point Martin. I wished that Russia would send the inevitable A-bombs right at the town. This pathetic place deserved a warm greeting.

We went home after the council declared that the situation appeared to have been remedied. I was silent for the remainder of the evening and quietly cried myself to sleep. When the following school day ended, Tim and I hurried to John's cabin. We hoped and prayed that he had not gone away, but the new snow on the pathway held large footprints pointing toward us. "He's gone," I told myself. We raced down the pathway and entered the cabin. Not much was different. The woodstove was cold and John's coat and backpack were missing from the wall hook, but everything else was the same. Almost. The crucifix was gone, too. I reasoned that John had taken what was important to him.

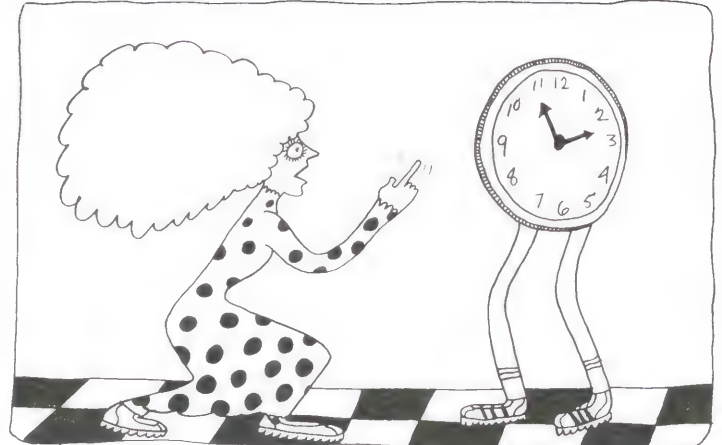
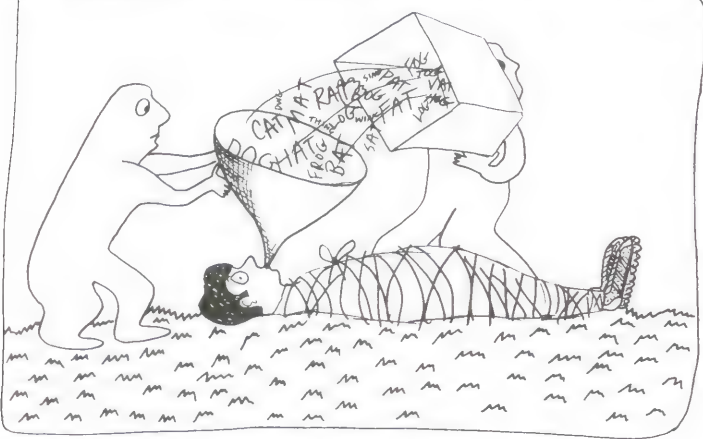
Tim and I stood in the room and looked about us. Tears filled my eyes. I held them back. Tim's eyes were moist, too. "Must be the cold," I thought. "It's just not fair," Tim said. We left the cabin and slowly walked away.

I never forgave my father for being so cruel. He was never able to make amends with me; a distance developed between us and grew with each passing year. My heart often ached for want of a loving father. But he never really tried to thaw my icy disposition. Perhaps he knew better.

My father died two days ago. Today was the first time I've seen him in five years. He looked ancient in the coffin. I'm really sorry that this day is such a miserable February day. But I guess it's just as good as any for a funeral. A double funeral. Dust to dust, Dad. Forgive me. Dust to dust, Point Martin. So long. I wonder if John is still living. I miss him. God, I hate watery eyes. Must be the cold.

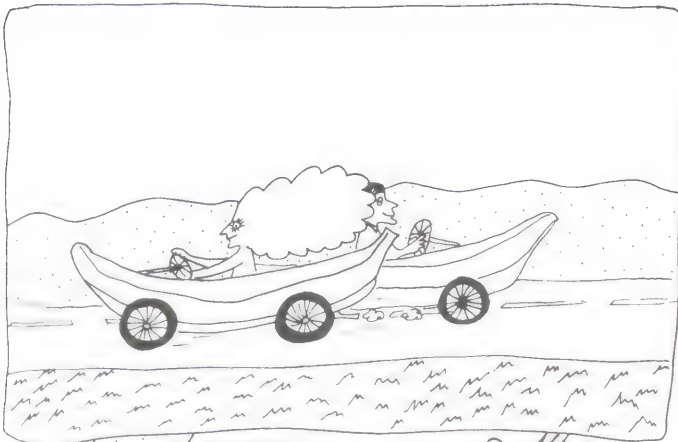
WORD PLAY

Putting words into someone's mouth © Gray



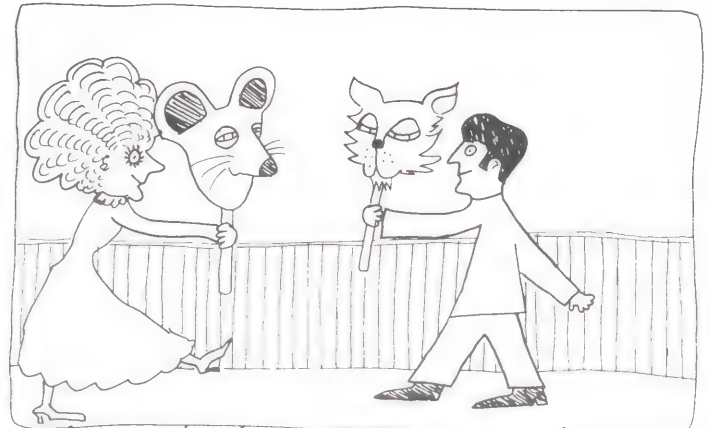
Telling time

© Gray



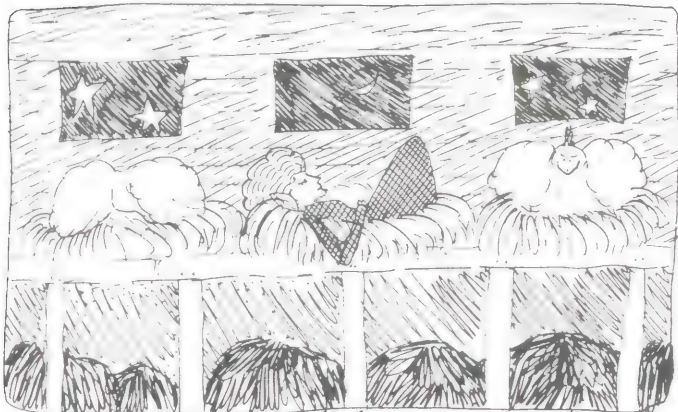
driving bananas

© Gray



Playing cat and mouse

© Gray



going to bed with the chickens

© Gray

JAMES BROWN

At about 4 a.m., the cooks arrive to begin preparing the morning breakfast. Freshly scrambled eggs, grits, sausages and bacon are laid out on the buffet table just before the doors open at 5.

That's how every day begins at the James Brown Family Restaurant. And the buffet dining doesn't end with breakfast. "Every day, we have an all-you-can-

eat buffet," says James Brown, owner and namesake of the restaurant. "People can just walk in and take a plate."

The Opelika, Alabama, restaurant opened in 1978, and in just a short time became a favorite of Opelika citizens and Auburn University students. "We have a lot of working people who come here," says Brown. "Also, a lot of students come over here.

"Not only that, a lot of travelers from places like Florida and New York stop by," Brown says. "Usually, they'll stop again on their way back."

What attracts so many patrons to the restaurant over and over again? "Probably the price," says Brown. Considering the thrifty budgets that some students live on, \$3.29 (before 5 p.m.) for all the food your stomach can handle "isn't bad at all," says Brown.

Besides the price, the restaurant is also known for its home-style cooking which includes pork chops, meatloaf, mashed potatoes (and gravy, of course), fresh vegetables and muffin-shaped cornbread. But by far the most popular dish, according to Brown, is the fried chicken. "I've heard people say that it tastes just like home," says Brown.

Since his birth on Sept. 11, 1920, through his childhood and his graduation from Beauregard High, Brown's "home" has always been Opelika and Lee County. In fact, the only time he's really been away was for a few years in the '40s.

"After I attended some trade schools," Brown says, "I worked at the Childersburg Power Plant from '43 to '45," after which he went into the Army during the final year of World War II. "I came back out after being in the hospital for a year."

Mary Elizabeth Brown, James's wife of 45 years, adds: "I was in Hamilton staying with my mother while James was overseas. When he was discharged in '46, he wanted to come back to Opelika.

"We bought a store, Central Market, over on Avenue A," says Mrs. Brown. "That was in the days when we had a small meat market and a butcher—you stood in line to get your meat. We stayed in that store for a couple of years.

"After that, we moved into a store next to the courthouse—we were there 20-odd years. We were still just 'service meat,' but we enlarged to self-service (a full grocery store)." Soon afterward, the James Brown Grocery moved to its pres-



ent location at 309 South 9th Avenue in Opelika. Coincidentally, the grocery's new location was in the shadow of the house that was to become the James Brown Family Restaurant.

"The house is nearly a hundred years old," says Brown. "Through the years, it's been a motel, a boarding house, a private residence and now a restaurant."

"In the '30s and '40s," says Mrs. Brown, "this was a boarding house, and a lot of people stayed here one time or another. People come here from all around to eat now and tell us that they stayed here."

After the boarding house closed, Mrs. Brown says, "the house was a private residence until the owner died, and James had always wanted to try the restaurant business. The house was in such a business district, and James thought that if someone else bought it, our parking space for (grocery delivery) trucks would be limited. So actually, we needed that space."

Brown continues: "I bought the house and added on a big dining room because we couldn't use the upstairs. Fire restrictions prevented using the upstairs," Brown says. "But we still do good business."

Brown isn't the only member of the family "doing good business." His son, Roger Brown, is an artist who now lives in Chicago.

"He's always been interested in art," says Mrs. Brown. "Ever since he was a small child, he's been drawing. He took private (art) lessons," because no art classes were offered at Roger's school.

"In his teen years, he was mixed up," says Mrs. Brown. "He wanted to draw, so he went to Chicago and got in the Art Institute. He also got in a group in Hyde Park. Soon, a lady who owned an art gallery took interest in Roger's work."

Since then, "Roger's had exhibitions all over the world," says Brown, mentioning London as one of the locations. "His paintings usually sell for \$15,000 to \$25,000."

"Greg, our other son, also has an interest in art," says Mrs. Brown. "He works in the grocery store now, though."

While Brown wouldn't say whether he does as well with the restaurant as Roger does with his paintings, he admits "We do all right."

The James Brown Family Restaurant is located at 915 Avenue B in Opelika.



Drinking Too Late

After five beers Led Zeppelin
sounds good again:
that clash and strain
of sound makes it easy
to remember menacing
the highways with speed,
the warm rush of summer wind
and parking behind the Guard Armory.
Time goes by fast
as the brush of a girl's dress.
Eventually the record spins
to a pulsing skip, and you wake
as always with the hangover
of a lifetime.

—David Scott Ward

GRAPHIC ART

ESSLEY MOODY, JR. Human Society Poster

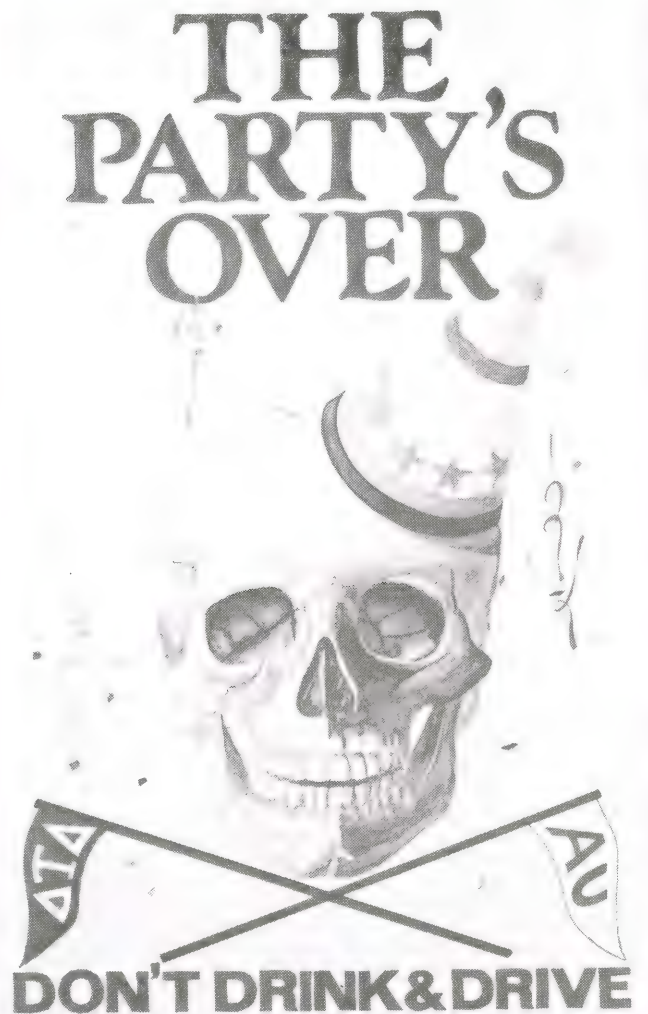
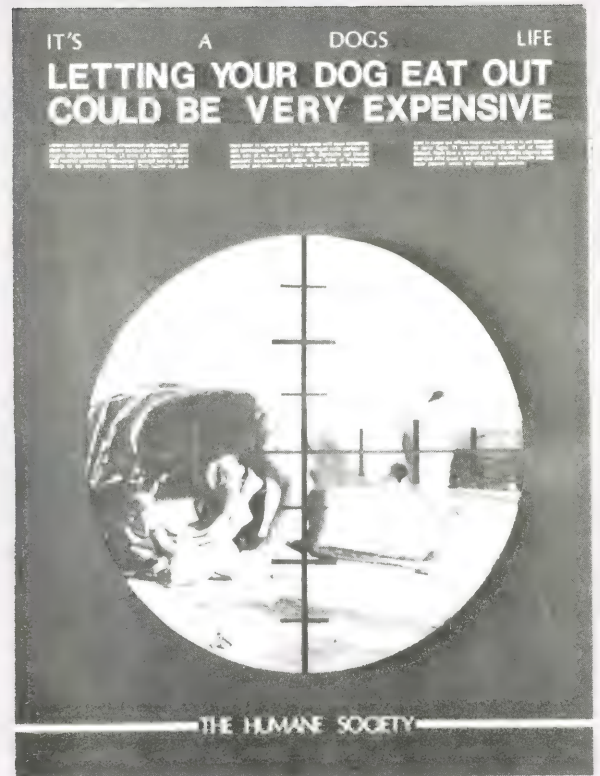
GENA BRAZIL Fine Arts Week Poster

all that jazz

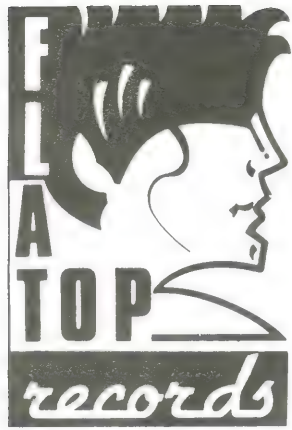


MICHAEL MEADS Corporate Identity Mark

Visual arts majors who are preparing to be graphic designers learn to communicate concepts visually. When they graduate, they find work in advertising agencies or graphic design firms and work with clients to develop corporate and product images. The purpose of these pieces is to inform the viewer, rather than to persuade him. The graphic designer remains anonymous; his signature is his style.



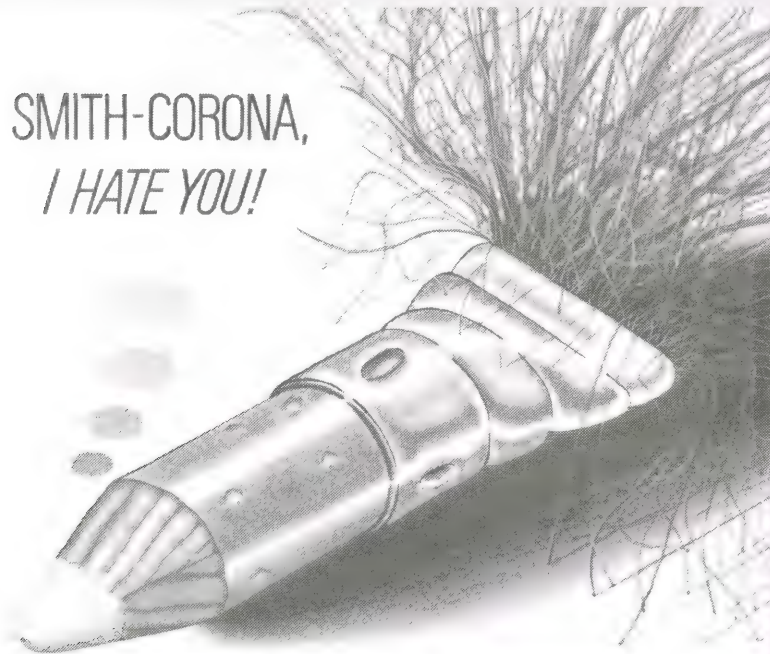
WALT WOODEN S.A.D.D. Poster



4²-ND STREET
NEW YORK, N.Y. 1016⁵.

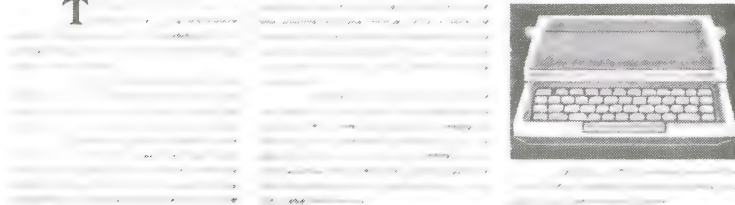
MARTIN, JR.
212-586-7090

SMITH-CORONA,
I HATE YOU!



**Smith-Corona announces
bad news for typing erasers:
automatic correction**

T



TOM ZALEWSKI Smith-Corona Advertisement

JEFF MARTIN Business Card for Flat Top Records

ATLANTA
SYMPHONY
ORCHESTRA



ADRIANNE WYMAN Logo for Atlanta
Symphony Orchestra

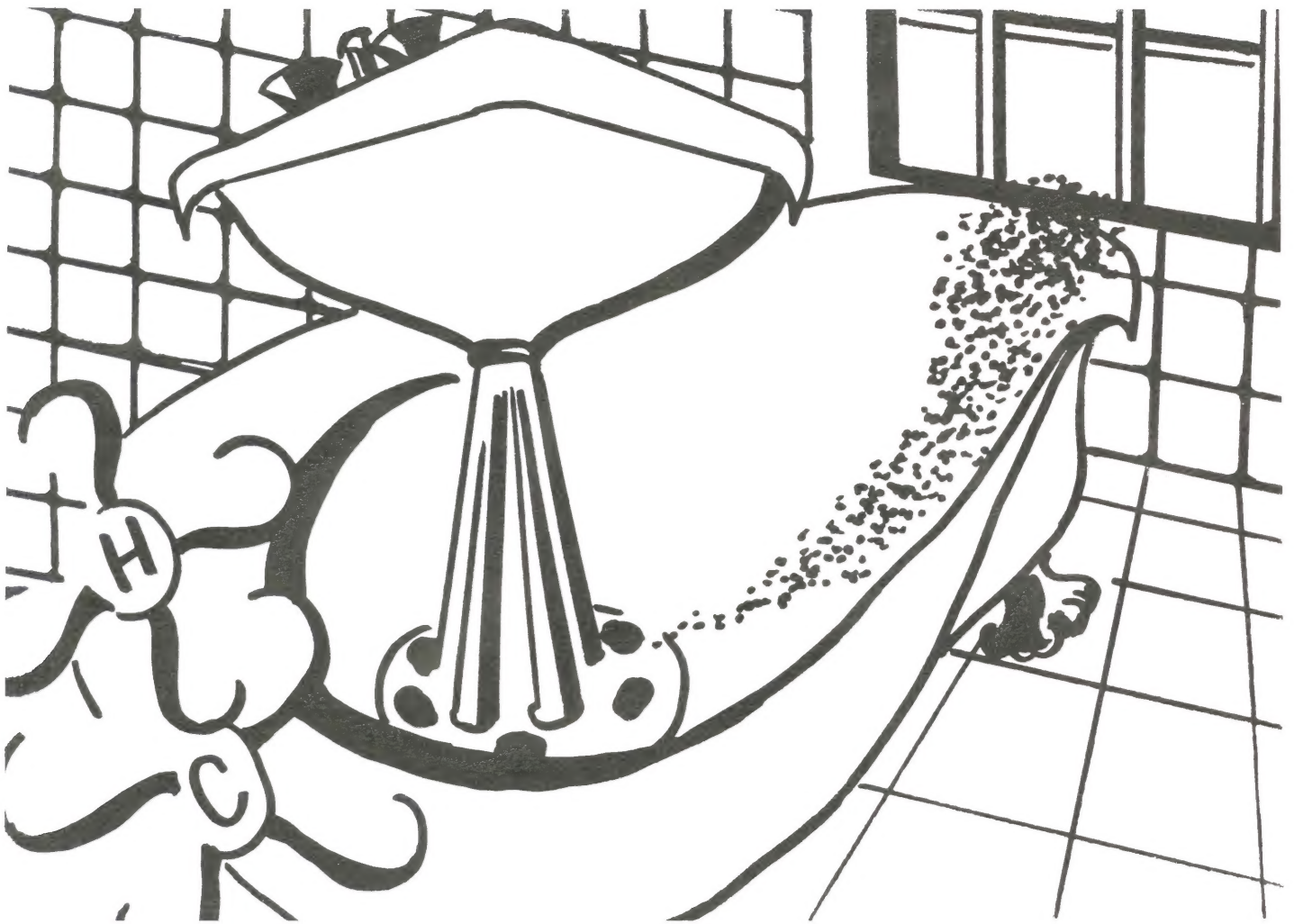


ILLUSTRATION BY MARIA WOLFE

Reaching into the Abyss

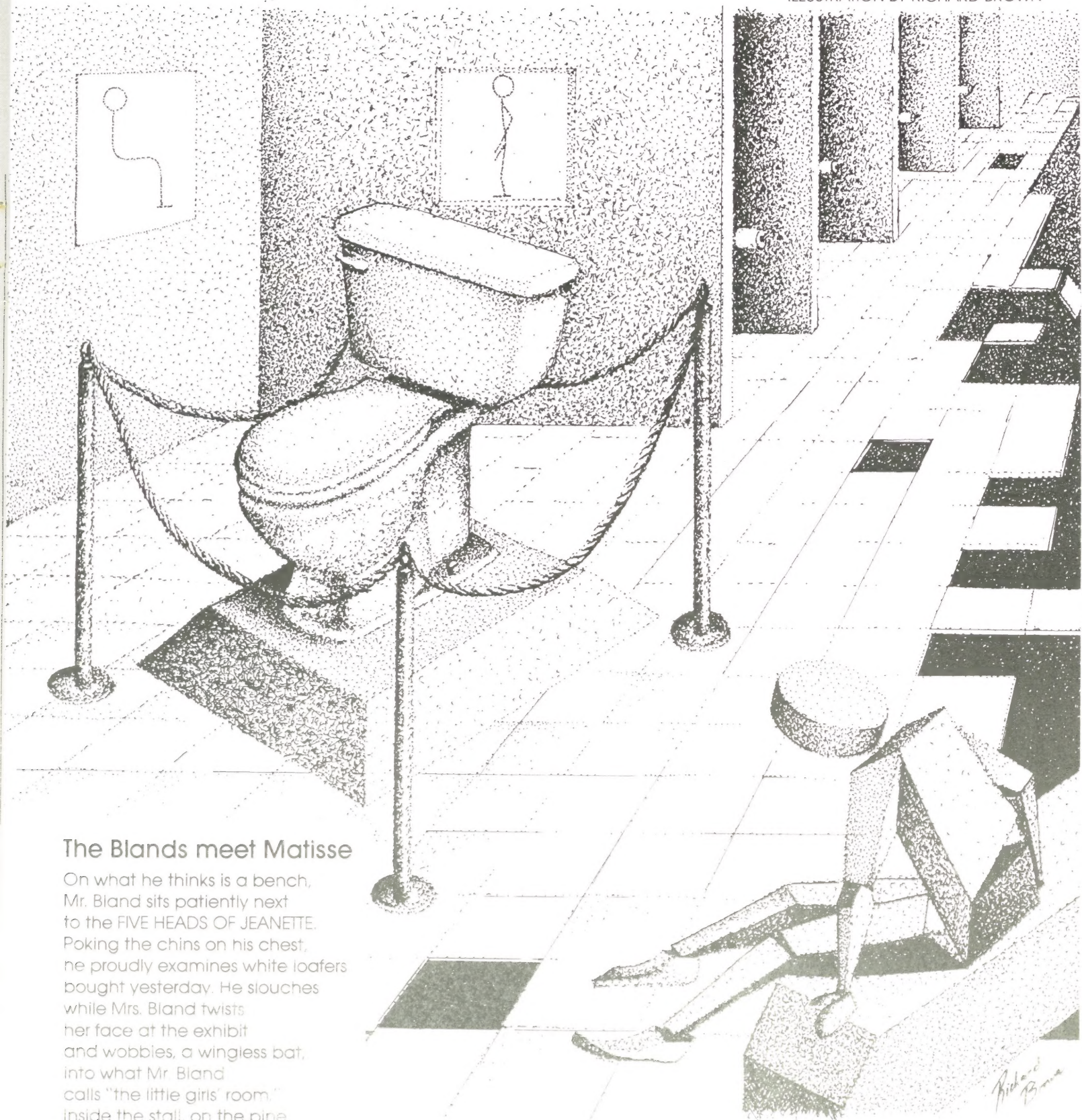
The blue and white bathroom
 In the back of my house
 Is an ant battlefield.
 I get the Raid and kill them
 Coming out of the crack
 Underneath the window.
 I kill them along the rim
 Of the bathtub. I kill them
 Going under the sink.
 I tell my unborn son
 I kill them for peace.
 I kill so many ants
 I have to get the vacuum cleaner
 To suck up the lines of corpses.

—Peter Huggins

IDEA

When March rain darkens
 the oaks and bare briars
 and the bird-shat limbs
 menace the eye, I watch
 the peafowl scavenge
 the cold yard for corn
 and listen to the well
 bucket swing on its chain,
 till one cock steps kingly
 from the tin shelter,
 fans his emerald galaxy,
 and then he screams.

R. T. Smith



The Blands meet Matisse

On what he thinks is a bench, Mr. Bland sits patiently next to the FIVE HEADS OF JEANETTE. Poking the chins on his chest, he proudly examines white loafers bought yesterday. He slouches while Mrs. Bland twists her face at the exhibit and wobbles, a wingless bat, into what Mr. Bland calls "the little girls' room." Inside the stall, on the pine scented wall, letters spell: DOING IT STILL MAKES YOU BLIND. Mrs. Bland retwists her face and flushes.

—Blair Hobbs

CONTRIBUTORS

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